

## Political Indorsement.

This proposition of party endorsements is getting to the place where it should have been all along. There was a time when party conventions, great and small, would pass flaming resolutions endorsing every patron saint that they had heard of in their party from President to School Director, whether good or bad, regardless of his services in office or character out of office. It has now come to pass that the independent thinker goes to the conventions and is not putty in the hands of a few, to say "aye" to every motion made by a heeler, or applaud every mention of a congressman or a senator of his party.

The promptings to these few observations is the fact of a certain Republican county convention held in Stubenville Tuesday of last week. The delegates fought all day in scathing oratory for and against endorsing Senator J. B. Foraker, resulting finally in striking his name from the roll of honor by a vote of 27 to 17.

The action of this obscure convention was in no wise important nor a fixture in the affairs of state or national politics. It could not make or unmake a senator, whether for or against him, but it manifests the great spirit of right and of intelligent, independent thinking that is sweeping over this land of the free. The people are not as if moulded in putty these days. They are thinking. They know what they want before they vote, not filled with regret afterward. The little county convention at Stubenville, as was before said, does not mean much tangibly, but it may be the embryo of a move against a Senator that is misrepresenting a people, and favoring a few great corporations.

## The Jewish Question In Russia



By  
**MAXIM GORKY,**  
Apostle  
of Revolution

**I**N Russia the Jewish question is pre-eminently a POLITICAL one. The chief enemy of the Russian Jews is Russian officialdom, which holds EVERY Jew to be a revolutionist. This view has its irrefutable evidence in the history of the Russian revolutionary movement. The proportion of so called political criminals among the Jews in the Russian movement of emancipation is very great.

In Russia the Jews are revolutionists to a greater extent than anywhere else. Everything is done to stifle them, to kill their bodies AND THEIR SOULS, but the wonderful vitality of that race does not yield to the pressure of evil powers, and its intellectual alertness, its quick, warm impressiveness only ADAPTS ITSELF TO THE CONDITIONS.

It is impossible to enumerate all of the means the officials used in their efforts to suppress the Jews, but the results are the very opposites of what they aimed at. The Jews stand in the front rank of the intellectual opposition, and from the very beginning of the open fight with the Russian government the Jews perished by hundreds in the prisons, in Siberia and in the Russian fortresses.

Everything that concerns the Jewish question in Russia can be formulated thus: The Russian government persecutes the Jews so furiously BECAUSE IT REGARDS THEM AS ITS MOST ACTIVE OPPONENTS. This was not long ago confirmed by Sergius Witte, who in his address to the Jewish deputation literally said:

"If Jews should happen to get into the douna they must not discuss there the general politics of the empire, but ONLY THEIR OWN AFFAIRS."

But in Russia the foolishness of Sergius Witte as well as his insolence is well known to everybody. It is an old story.

Having its root in the politics of the government, anti-Semitism has not penetrated into Russian society because these two forces are IRRECONCILABLY HOSTILE to each other, and that which the one sanctions the other rejects. The intelligent elements of Russia are at present not infected with the poison of anti-Semitism; they know very well the role which the Jews play in the Russian revolution.

BUT I MUST SAY, TO MY GREAT SORROW, THAT THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENT PUBLIC NEVER CONDUCTED ITSELF IN RELATION TO THE JEWS AS IN JUSTICE IT SHOULD HAVE DONE.

## People Should Elect Senators and Judges

By Chief Justice WALTER CLARK of North Carolina

**T**HE senate should be made elective by the people, and in the election of a president the electoral vote of each state should be divided PRO RATA ACCORDING TO THE POPULAR VOTE. This would destroy the system of a few pivotal great states from which alone from the scheme of our government presidents might be chosen, which invite the CONCENTRATION OF MONEY to carry those states. For instance, you will find that for the first forty years of our national life presidents came only from Virginia and Massachusetts, while since 1860 they have come only from New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. In the interim, New York and Tennessee supplied the presidents for sixteen years. But it will never do to elect the president by ballot PER CAPITA from the whole Union AS ONE DISTRICT, because this would invite fraud and lead to civil war.

I think that the national judiciary should be shorn of much of its arbitrary power of vetoing the action of congress by declaring it illegal or unconstitutional. The power to take this action was never granted by more than three states in the convention of 1787. As a matter of simple fact, the judges have arrogated this power to themselves WITHOUT ANY WARRANT IN LAW. As matters stand they have the right by the irretrievable vote of five men to set aside the acts of president and congress.

THIS POWER SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED UNLESS THE JUDICIARY IS ELECTED BY THE POPULAR VOTE.

## AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

The Work of the Law Makers Analyzed  
By One of the Master Minds in Congress.

## Champ Clark's Letter

Massachusetts Republicans in a Bad Way—A Scheme That Failed, The Bully Abroad—Our Empire In Asia

**T**HERE is one thing happening and another which the newspapers say is about to happen which may have far reaching effect on the politics of the immediate future. The one now happening is that the independent circuit attorney of Boston is hauling the Massachusetts legislature over the coals in a manner never equaled in this land of the free and home of the brave. He summoned over 200 members of that body before him to purge themselves of corruption—a wholesale performance certainly. Tom Lawson or somebody else charged that the entire legislature is corrupt, and the circuit attorney, acting on that hint, has spread his net to catch all legislative sinners. But if more than 200 members of the legislature of Massachusetts are criminals, people will begin to inquire what we are coming to. The chances are that not such number are guilty; but, upon the theory that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, the circuit attorney may dig up enough material to turn the politics of the old Bay State topsy turvy. Indeed, men have made themselves governors with much less to work on than corruption in the Massachusetts legislature. In that connection it must be remembered also that politics in Massachusetts is already much disturbed by reason of the agitation in favor of tariff revision. Taken all in all, the C. O. P. is in a bad way in Massachusetts.

The thing which the newspapers declare is on the tapis is even more astonishing than the foregoing, and that is that President Roosevelt and Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania have entered into an alliance offensive and defensive, growing out of the fight to keep Barnes out of the Washington postoffice. Such an alliance would startle the country, for Penrose stands forth as the personification of the worst sort of machine politics, while the president has won all his honors as an anti-machineist. Quay's mantle fell on the Penrose shoulders. It appears that he is too small to wear it. Last year the Republicans lost the state by 100,000, though they carried it by more than 500,000 majority in 1904. This year's spring elections went against them. That they are badly scared is well known; hence their desire for Colonel Roosevelt's help. If he gives it, he will stun many of his admirers.

**Buckeye Grafters Foiled.**  
One of the most idiotic and wicked political moves of this or any other age has just been foiled by public opinion in Ohio. It is well known that the people of that state, growing weary of the domination of the Cox-Dick-Herrick aggregation, rose up last year in their might and hurled them from power. Investigations by the state senate have dragged to light the stupendous grafting of the gang in Cincinnati partially. It could have been said "wholly" but for the fact that the courts interfered with the investigations. As it is, hundreds of thousands of loot have been recovered to the city and county treasuries, and from what has been accomplished people may conclude what would have been done had the courts not interfered. I am, of course, not passing judgment on the courts. They may have been acting according to the constitution and the law, but whether right or wrong the net effect was to shield certain persons from investigation who were much in need of shielding. Part of the results of the general uprising of the Ohio people last year was the election of a Democratic governor, Pattison. He is a man of high social, business and political character—none better in the state. Shortly before his inauguration his health became very bad and he died, though he is improving. Aided by wise and faithful lieutenants he has discharged his gubernatorial duties to the satisfaction of every decent man in the state, but the Republican holdovers, who somehow concluded that they held public positions by fee simple title and who were about to be displaced by Governor Pattison, were much disgruntled and formed a conspiracy to have a Republican judge oust him from office on the ground that he is incapable of discharging his functions. Just as they were congratulating themselves on the prospective success of their coup d'etat news of their plans leaked out. Suddenly

There rose up a yell  
As all the fiends from heaven that fell  
Had pealed the banner cry of hell.

Decent Republicans and independent joined with Democrats in such a stern and angry protest that the rascally conspirators took to cover. Many of them swore falsely that they had nothing to do with it, and the perpetration of this monstrous crime was completely frustrated. Of course the foul scheme was concocted because the lieutenant governor who would have succeeded Pattison in the gubernatorial office is a Republican. The gall exhibited in the transaction will be better understood when it is remembered that the doings of these Republican officials who were conspiring to oust Governor Pattison were largely responsible for the uprising last year which made him governor. To this complexion has come the party of Salmon Portland Chase, John Sherman, Joshua H. Giddings, Bjorn Bon

Wade and their gigantic compeers. It's only a short time since the Republicans of Colorado stole a governorship, only a few years since the eight to seven commission stole the presidency and fewer still since a Republican senate stole two United States senatorships from Montana. So these Buckeye rascals concluded they would add another chapter of grand larceny to history. To their amazement and disgust, they found that there is such a thing as a moral sense among Ohio Republicans and that when aroused it is a dangerous thing to fool with. Will Ohioans vote to replace these wicked conspirators? By voting the Republican ticket this fall they will do so.

**Our Asiatic Empire.**  
Advices from Manila are by no means reassuring. Quite the contrary. We were repeatedly told by General Otis and all the other generals who have commanded in what certain bilious and palpitating patriots term "our Asiatic empire" that "peace reigns in the Philippines" and that it was as safe to travel through the islands as to walk the streets of Washington, which may be true, for assaults of all sorts on unprotected females in this town are becoming dangerously frequent. That peace does not reign in the Philippines, or, to use the precise lingo of the generals, the Philippines are not "pacified," is demonstrated by the mar-

ital exploit of General Wood on Mount Dajo and by the further fact that towns and cities are being looted in the island of Luzon within a few miles of the city of Manila. Of course it goes without saying that the Moros whom Dr. Wood encountered on Mount Dajo are "pacified" most thoroughly. A few bullets planted in the vital part of man, woman or child usually has a pacifying effect. But we need not deceive ourselves. The Philippines who are "pacified" belong to two classes—those who have been killed and those who are on the governmental payroll. Even all of the second class are not "pacified" and are ready at any time to take to the bush and fight our troops. So in all human probability will it be till the crack of doom. And our vaunted "Asiatic empire"—what is it? A little plot of land about half as big as the state of Missouri. Even that little patch not more than one-tenth is cultivatable. If old Dr. Frank- lin, about whose wisdom so much is being said just now, could revisit the glimpses of the moon and learn the facts about "our Asiatic empire" he would propound this question: "My children, are you not paying too much for the Philippine whistle?"

**A Heroic Missourian.**  
Missourians are to the fore in every field of human endeavor. Lieutenant General John C. Bates, lately retired, is one of my constituents. Dr. H. S. Pritchett, a Missourian, head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is the highest salaried educator in America. Dr. Thomas J. J. Lee, another of my constituents, is the most famous living astronomer. Now comes another of my ex-constituents, who rendered heroic service at San Francisco. Colonel John W. Jacks, one of my most valued editorial constituents, briefly relates the story in the Montgomery Standard in this wise:

When all others had deserted their posts at the San Francisco mint during the earthquake one man stayed there to protect the property of the government and by his good sense and prompt action saved the government many thousands of dollars. That one man was a Missourian, John M. McClure, and formerly from Montgomery county. He once edited the Wide Awake in Wellesville and from there went to California, where he was editing a paper when Cleveland was elected. He secured an appointment during the Cleveland administration and has been detailed to service at the San Francisco federal station ever since. It is probable that his action in this San Francisco matter will result in his promotion to a much more lucrative job than the one he has been holding. The Missourians, very often come to the front at perilous places and at trying times.

**Not a Candidate.**  
Grover Cleveland says he will not under any circumstances be a presidential candidate. William Jennings Bryan from Egypt writes his Fidas Achates, Colonel Moses C. Wetmore of St. Louis, that he will do nothing to secure a nomination, but he does not go so far as to say that he will not accept a nomination. In the meantime William Randolph Hearst is doing much business at the old stand and at several new stands. The Republican presidential pot has been boiling audibly ever since "the melancholy days of November," 1904. Now the Democratic pot is beginning to simmer. Perhaps the spring weather has somewhat to do with it.

**A Sage Remark.**  
During the debate in the house on the railroad rate bill Mr. Page of North Carolina in the course of a most excellent speech made a remark which contained a great deal of wisdom and which deserves more attention than has been bestowed upon it. It was to the effect that what is needed is a "sticker enforcement of what laws we have rather than the enactment of new laws. In a general way he was undoubtedly correct. For example, all along there has been abundance of law on the New York statute books to land every insurance thief and grafter in the penitentiary as well as every election crook and every malefactor of every kind and degree.

The Democrats in combination with certain patriotic Republicans of Rhode Island have made up their minds to throw off the Aldrich yoke. Aldrich himself is not up for re-election to the senate this year, but Wetmore is. A certain witty newspaper man not long ago said, "There are a million reasons why Wetmore should be re-elected." Of course he meant Wetmore's million of dollars. If they had a fair, decent and modern apportionment in Rhode Island for legislative purposes, the Aldrich-Wetmore combine could be easily overthrown. As it is, by the rotten borough system a legislature is elected by about 18 per cent of the voters, which makes it decidedly unwork for the Democrats and their reform Republican allies. Every lover of the republic will wish them a hearty godspeed in their laudable undertaking.

Governor Robert L. Taylor, the next United States senator from Tennessee, who defeated the brilliant Carnacki, is perhaps already as well known as any man among the conscript fathers. Representative in congress, ex-governor of Tennessee, after serving three terms, one of the most popular lecturers in the land, editor of Bob Taylor's Magazine, he has perhaps as large an acquaintance as any public man in America except Roosevelt and Bryan. Those who suppose that he is a skillful addler and a happy story teller—merely that and nothing more—are egregiously mistaken. He is an orator of rare power and will not take a back seat in the house of the ancients.

**Experienced.**  
"It's a great thing to be single."  
"We bachelors realize that."  
"But not as a married man does."  
—Minneapolis Tribune.

**MARSHAL CANROBERT.**  
A Fearless French Soldier Whose Hair Belonged to History.  
It was a singular fact that Marshal Canrobert, the last of the French marshals, offered in himself a constant example of the violations of the regulations of the army in which he was so conspicuous an officer. Throughout almost the whole of his military service Canrobert wore his long hair flowing down upon his shoulders, and this hair was a sort of oriflamme to the soldiers.  
But ever since the year 1833 the French army regulations have positively required that every officer and soldier shall wear closely cut hair, "without any tufts, curls or ringlets whatsoever," and severe penalties are provided for persistence in letting the hair grow long.  
Canrobert had a profuse mass of hair, which he was very proud of. It was cropped to his great grief when he went into the military school of St. Cyr in 1826, but when as a young officer he went into the Algerian war in 1835 he profited by the relaxation of many regulations there to let his hair grow down his shoulders again. Several years later, also in Algeria, Colonel Canrobert, bareheaded, led a heroic charge at Zaatcha, and his long, floating hair in the thick of the combat served as a rallying sign to the zouaves as they swarmed through the breach.  
After this war Canrobert's head of hair had already become so famous that no superior ventured to command him to cut it off, though General Pelissier, who hated him, once called him "professor" in a cafe in Paris, and by way of excuse affected to have mistaken him for a doctor of philosophy on account of his hair.  
The Emperor Napoleon III. did once venture to remonstrate with Canrobert for wearing long hair. The marshal's response was very "Frenchy."  
"Sire," he said, "my hair belongs to history!"  
He did not cut it. It floated all through the French and German war, becoming legendary among the soldiers. Long since it became snow white and fell upon the old marshal's shoulders in his declining days, and it clustered about them as his body lay in state in Paris.

**Misplaced Politeness.**  
The Barrow family possessed a dog named Growler. If addressed politely, Growler instantly obeyed all reasonable commands, but if spoken to crossly the sensitive dog crept under the sofa and sulked. At such times as she wished to be alone it was Mrs. Barrow's habit to hold the door open and remark courteously to the discriminating animal, "Please go out, my dear." And Growler, wagging a cheerful tail, always went.  
One evening while Mrs. Barrow sat reading by her evening lamp a large June bug entered the room and behaved as June bugs usually do. The absentminded lady, conscious of the disturbance without fully realizing what caused it, rose abstractedly, politely opened the door and, to the great delight of the family, murmured gently:  
"Please go out, my dear."

**Headed Off Future Scandals.**  
A somewhat domineering judge who formerly held an appointment in a small colony was sole occupant of the bench, so he carried everything his own way. One day a member of the local bar disputed his ruling upon a certain point and appealed to printed authority in support of his position, and the judge's account of the incident, as given by himself, is said to be this:  
"Would you believe it, one of my own bar had the impertinence to tell me that he was right and I was wrong, and he appealed to a law book to support him, his own book and the only one in the colony?"  
"And what did you do?" was the natural question. "What did I do?" was the indignant answer. "There was only one thing to do. I borrowed the book from him and lost it, so that we shall hear no more scandal of that kind."

**An Indian Shampoo.**  
Many city men regard a shampoo as a city luxury of modern times. Yet the shampoo is more common with some Indians than with us, and they enjoy it oftener than we do, says George Wharton James in Good Health. The Indian's wife takes the root of the amole, macerates it and then beats it up and down in a bowl of water until a most delicious and soft lather results, and then her liege lord stoops over the bowl and she shampoos his long hair and scalp with vigor, neatness, skill and dispatch. I have been operated upon by the best adepts in London, Paris and New York, and I truthfully affirm that a white man has much to learn in the way of skillful manipulation, effective rubbing of the scalp and delicious silkiness of the hair if he knows no other than such shampooing as I received.

**A Skeptic.**  
"Wiseaker says he is a skeptic—that he has no faith in anything."  
"I wouldn't be surprised. He believes in himself." — Baltimore American.

**Not to Be Told.**  
Wife—John, you've been drinking. Oh, I can tell.  
Husband—Well, don't do it, m'dear. Let's keep it a family secret. —Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Kind It Was.**  
Mrs. Aakitt—I heard you had a surprise party at your house yesterday.  
Mrs. Tellitt (absently)—Yes; my husband gave me \$10 worth of my asking for it. —San Francisco Call.

**Champ Clark**

## HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Is It Coupled With Love or Wealth or Ambition?

What is happiness? It all depends upon what you consider happiness. The peasantry of the continent place money possession far above all other sources of happiness. Woman, art, music, power, ambition, are absolutely nothing to the peasant of France or Hungary compared with possession of money. Balsac, in "Eugenie Grandet," has drawn this terrible passion in the character of old Grandet, who lived and died for one thing—money.

The Greeks despised people who liked to live alone, the Cyclops, arguing that they could not be happy. Yet Dionysus of Corinth, according to Dionysius, was perfectly happy, for he had learned a recipe for happiness—"Despise the world, despise self, despise being despised." Why the Greeks were the happiest people the world saw was because they lived a life of only one dimension, while people today live in three or more—the state, society and the church.

To use a musical simile, the ancient Greek life was a legato; ours is a staccato. The Greek life was like an andante of Mozart; ours is like a furious, agitating scherzo. In some countries life is not only staccato, but ten times worse.

The middle ages invented women. In ancient Greece women had no standing at all. Plato knew nothing of the notion that women might make man happy.

Love is full of the most amazing contrasts and contradictions—the dark man passionately admires the blond woman, the short man the amazon, the man of the north the beauty of the south. The young man whose youth has been solitary is shocked when he meets a young girl full of life and briskness. He should have danced and amused himself with the society of women. Men always love the same type. No matter how many different women they love, the type never varies.

The opposite of love is ambition. Men after forty or forty-five and women after twenty-five or thirty lose love and acquire ambition. —Lecture of Dr. Emil Reich in London.

**He Did It Well.**

During the civil war a Mr. Wertenberger kept a restaurant in a central Indiana town. As all commodities were high at that period, in consequence of an inflated currency, his pie crust had no more shortening in it than was absolutely necessary, hard costing 25 cents a pound and more. One day a transient customer came in and called for pie, which was served to him, and he set out to devour it forthwith. But the crust was so short of shortening that he could not get his fork through it. He struggled with it manfully for a few minutes and then laid down his knife and fork in despair.

"Mr. Landlord," he declared at length, "I'd like to know who in thunder takes your pies!"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Worry a Disease.**  
Every one knows innumerable reasons why it is foolish to worry, the chief one being perhaps that it is so utterly useless, but science has added a new reason which is worth considering. It not only states that worry will kill, but explains why it will kill. Worry is a disease of the brain, a disease which destroys certain cells of the brain, often beyond repair. Like an enemy in the night, worry creeps upon the brain and begins its sledge hammer process of destruction. The vitality of the delicate organism is slowly destroyed. Nature may repair the destruction if worry comes at intervals, but worry is a habit and its power grows each time that it is allowed admittance.

**Everybody Ready to Dicker.**  
Many years ago in central Maine a man started out to sell oilcloth table covers throughout the country at 50 cents a cover. After traveling all day without selling one a happy thought struck him. He would charge a dollar and take half the pay in castoff shoes. The result was that people imagined they were getting some return from their old shoes, and there was a general ransacking of attics, and table covers went like hot cakes. But the old shoes? Well, wherever he found a convenient hole beside the road, out of sight, he pulled up his cart and dumped the lot.

**An Apropos Suggestion.**  
He was undoubtedly a very wicked little boy, and although his mother had plentifully besprikled his bedroom with texts he still kept on his boyish escapades, necessitating a frequent use of the cane. "Ma," he inquired thoughtfully one day after a rather severe thrashing than usual, "don't you think you might move the cane from behind 'Love One Another' and put it at the back of 'We Need Thee Every Hour'?"

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